With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lyes,
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſenes with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtaiers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which maketh ſuch wanton gambals with the wind,
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,

Hard